

## Last Animorphs Part One

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Category: Animorphs  
Language: English  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 1999-06-11 09:00:00  
Updated: 1999-06-11 09:00:00  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:24:31  
Rating: K+  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 3,833  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: Let's do it.All of us.

### Last Animorphs Part One

My name's Amber. Just Amber. Long ago, when people asked me my name, I told them that 'Bond, James Bond' thing. Now I don't. Nor do I have any reason to. I used to get six to eight hours of sleep every night. Now I consider myself lucky if I get an hour's worth of snoozing in a twenty-four hour period. I keep fantasizing that some Controller will find me while I'm asleep and stick a Yeerk in my head. As I said before, my name's Amber. The last Animorph. The most wanted of the free rebels. I know. I'm the only one who understood Alloran's message-the Yeerks were on the Andalite Home World. That the Merliz were being infiltrated. That none of the free species were exactly free. But, at this point, that information is worthless...the Yeerks have won...

I ran through the woods at breakneck speed. And as I ran, I changed. I changed into Visser Three. There were three free Andalites in all the universe. Elfangor-who survived somehow, we just don't know the story yet- my good female Andalite friend Easha-Disnial-Conate, and (of course) Ax. Tobias, Rachel, Marco, and me were the only free humans. Jenni Jarit and Jakiit Jalohaa were the last free Merliz-ten foot long, five foot tall wolves with a cat's slink, paws like a cat's with retractable claws, some weird ability tied into their genes to grow or shrink at will, and two and a half foot long saber teeth-And of course, Toby the seer was with us. The last free creatures in the Galaxy. Ellimists? I wouldn't even start bothering with them. After the Yeerks took over they just kind of...well....disappeared. Let me tell you, it's enough to try the hardest, most rebellious soul living in a world where you are hunted, day and night, night and day, with no where to run. With no one to turn to. It's enough to make great warriors fall to their knees. You can only get tougher. And you can't help but feel pity when you see your best friend, your best friend's boyfriend, every one you ever knew and loved have their head shoved down into the murky depths of the Yeerk pool, and surface as your worst enemy. That's what happened to Jake and Cassie. That wasn't stopping me. And before I forget, we salvaged the blue box before Cassie and

Jake were caught, and we brought into our group two other warriors, my friends, Eugene and Haywood. We were trouble makers in our school. Not gang violence, just annoy the teacher stuff. They knew an opportunity when they saw one and could back out of anything. They were...cunning, I would consider the right word. And they loved annoying people, so this was their kinda thing. I finished morphing Alloran, Visser Three's host body, and focused on my anger. I could feel the evil radiating from me. Flowing through me. Perfect.

I'd worked hard on my Visser Three impersonation (I know what you're thinking, 'Good! He wasn't promoted.' You're wrong. The old Visser One and Visser Three were both on the Council of Thirteen. The old Visser Three (or Council Member Ten) gave Alloran to the new Visser Three, and took Galuit as his host body. I'd sworn myself to freeing Galuit.) I'd worked on it so perfectly that when the human controllers showed up they thought I was Visser Three. I killed them both (I LOVE Andalite tails!) Then I demorphed and headed toward deeper woods.

"I am so glad Cassie isn't in this," I muttered with my circle of free friends. Easha agreed. I sighed and leaned against a tree. Turns out that Yeerks save one hundred mile radiuses of vegetation, and don't even level mountains, so we lived in the mountainside. We'd stolen a bug fighter, if we ever wanted to leave, but what was the point of it? We'd just wind up on a different Yeerk-dominated planet. It'd be like playing the same song over and over on a CD player. Pointless. "Well," I said. "It's all most dawn. Remember, Tobias, be careful hunting. Stay in thought speak range of Jakiit and Jenni. If all else fails, morph the jaguar. The rest of us will be out till nine AM, then again from three till dark. It's suicidal to be outside from nine to three. Tobias, Jenn, and Jak, remember that. Cool?" Tobias said. "Yes, Amber," Jakiit agreed. "You got it," Jenni replied. That was the real bad thing—the Yeerks had destroyed the ozone layer. Anything that was in the sun from nine to three was fried. —

— "Well," Eugene said. It was about six. "What are we going to do today?" Ax said. "Yeah," Haywood answered. "Just like in school: you have a schedule, they catch up to you." "We work seperately from six PM till dawn," I agreed. Elfangor announced, "Yup," I agreed. So we walked over to a huge boulder. "Lessee," I muttered, "Knob...knob...knob...knob...hah!" I yanked a vine growing on the boulder and a stairwell appeared at my feet. We walked down it. "I wish we could talk Tobias, Jenn, and Jak to stop hunting and live on all the animals we have down here," Rachel said. "It'd be easier," Marco agreed, "But they have nothing else they can normally do." "Neither do we," Rachel snapped. They didn't joke at each other so often, fortunately, but they didn't get along well. We walked down the stairwell, and there, flourishing under filtered Kandrona rays (we'd worked on it till it filtered natural sunlight) were several chambers with big cats, fish, an underground stream, ect. We'd taken our favorite animals from several continents, a kandrona to give sunlight to each room, this was basically where we lived. "This place always makes me feel so much better," Marco said, stretching. "Why, because you're a monkey?" Rachel said nonchalantly. They did joke at each other sometimes. We laughed. We had breakfast. Fruit. Bacon. Whatever we felt like having, then we went off to enjoy ourselves. For me, that meant the one thing I'd been putting off—getting the Biofilter key. I took a deep breath and morphed a Jarren, which are basically just huge eagles. When I finished morphing I flew over to the nearest entrance of the yeerk pool. —

\_\_\_ The yeerks weren't idiots, though sometimes I wished they were. They still had an underground pool with biofilters at every entrance, with cement for walls and ceilings. There was one way to get through the biofilter without a Yeerk in your head, and that was through the biofilter key. I'll try to explain. See, the biofilter worked by a round box that was a kind of microchip. And it had a cover. And, because the box was circular and too strong a metal to be punched, we needed the key to get in. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking 'How stupid are you guys?' We aren't stupid, just desperate. There are twelve of us and millions of Yeerks. Dangerous as it may be, you have to take risks. \_\_\_

\_\_\_ So there I was, morphed into the guard. There was a five minute break between the two guards, one from 8 AM - 8PM, and another from 8:05AM - 8:05PM. I was hitting the day guard. And since my human face is etched into the mind of every controller in the universe. So I morphed the guard, and headed to the yeerk pool. \_\_\_

\_\_\_ There's a little nook in the wall around the main entrance to the yeerk pool I don't think the Yeerks themselves know about or expect us to use. I moved over to the area. The place was empty, and the Yeerks don't have security cameras. They rely far too much on the biofilters. I crammed myself into the cubby and demorphed. Luckily, the jeans and t-shirt I had worn as the guard were my size. The Yeerks kept jeans and plain black t-shirts, because they were easy to make and durable. The guard passed by, just like any security guard. He was whistling some Yeerk tune about glory and all that, twirling a dracon beam in his fingers. This one Yeerk didn't notice when the keys rattled, his host was partially deaf. I slid my own pocket sized dracon beam in my hand, and waited. The guard stopped to look around. While he did, I draconed off his belt loop, and the keys with it. He didn't even notice. He walked down. "Alright Amber," I barely whispered to myself. "You'll have one chance, and that much only." I grabbed my hand held shredder, about the size of a beeper with a button-type trigger on it, and positioned it to knock out anyone nearby. 8:05. The other guard showed up. I aimed the shredder below the guards' knees, and fired. There was a "puh-WHAM! Clatter clatter clatter" as a shelf fell over. The guards bolted in that direction. I bolted in the other, morphed at top speed, and flew back to the cavern. I missed nine o'clock by maybe half a minute. \_\_\_

\_\_\_ We spent mid-day snoozing and talking, and listening to Tobias complain he should be an owl. We've all passed the time limit, So Tobias, who has the least time between morphs, has four hours. None of us have gone passed that. Then, it was seven PM. "This is an as few as possible mission," I stated. "Group A-Rachel, Easha, and me-go in and knock out the guard. Group B-Jakiit, Jenni, and Elfangor- hang back in case something goes wrong. Group C-Eugene, Haywood, and Toby- stay back in case something busts through the door. Ax, Tobias, and Marco bring up the rear. Everyone except Toby, the Merliz and Andalites, in morph. Tobias? Owl. Eugene will contact you when the guards are down and we have access inside." Everyone nodded. I took Jake's place from Day 1. I knew what it would be like. So we morphed owls and went. Easha knocked both the guards out quickly. We had to work fast. There where some...things...in the yeerk pool that were of value to us. Soon, we all had gotten in. "Everybody, your species morph," I whispered. I became a Japanese woman, Rachel an African, Marco some white guy, everybody a different one of their species. Except for Tobias. Tobias became a mouse, hidden in my jeans pocket. We let him out in a dark, secluded spot to demorph and hide. We'd need hawk eyes on this

mission. "Careful," I heard one of the guards whispering to another. "Council Member Ten is coming to feed today." "Again?" the other guard groaned, "He comes here everyday, 9:30 sharp." My ears perked up. "Everybody hear that?" I asked, sounding like a controller saying what I was saying would. "Council Member Ten is coming in an hour and a half again." Everyone tensed up. We weren't staying that long. No arguments. We stepped into a secluded room we had the key for and demorphed. "Okay, listen," I said. "That's Galuit we're talking here, and we know CMT's feeding schedule. \_Easha cried. "That honor you have claimed, Easha, if no one demands it themselves." No one did. "Alright, we can't do anything tonight. We do what we came for, then get out. Got it?" "Yes," Rachel said. The rest agreed. I grabbed the valuable chemicals we'd come for (which, luckily, happened to be in the same room) remorphed, and we headed out. \_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ I worked. And worked. And worked even harder. I tested kits, modules, and even went back to the yeerk pool to get some yeerks for testing. I tried it out of Jenni, Easha, and myself, too. But standard feature of all species- you have to get permission to do something dangerous. So we went to the Merliz Homeworld, or Galataneon X. There the only free government were in hiding, but we knew their location. So we went. The exact location was extremely hard to find, concealed as it was. I had three demos of the weapon I had created in a sachel. \_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ I lay the three weapons on the table. "They'll work an infinite number of times," I proudly stated. "Each kills Yeerks. Only Yeerks. Then, as common for them, they will desentigrate into dust in the host's brain, with no permanent injury or damage to the host." The Merliz Dalak, or government leaders, looked at me thoughtfully. "Then it is safe to handle them?" one asked. "Completely," I replied, nodding. They picked them up and passed them around themselves, studying them carefully. I'd worked very, very hard beyond belief on those weapons. There was a yellow, pink, and blue one for color-coating, and each dispensed a slightly different version of poison in different ways. Each looked like a ballpoint pen and were the same size. "What are these holes for?" another Dalak member asked. I smiled slightly. "To keep the poison in good supply, the inner chemicals need a constant amount of nitrogen. The hole is large enough to provide ample supply, small enough not to be readily noticed, and ends the nuisance of nitrogen packets." They nodded, acknowledging the thought that went into the work. Basically, each of those weapons contained the sophistication an Andalite fighter had during the taking of earth. "Why are they all colored differently?" yet another Dalak member wondered. "Because they inject poison differently," I stated. "The blue one uses the nitrogen to recreate its chemicals, and can then be dumped directly into a yeerk pool. And it is so concentrated that a single drop will kill, at estimates, over ten thousand Yeerks." I saw some of their eyes widen with the very possibility. "The pink one can be inserted directly into the host's ear. Therefore, it is far less concentrated. So much less that the controller never notices the liquid squirted into his eardrum. It will kill the Yeerk without any mental or physical damage to the host. The yellow one can be inserted into the host's food or drink. It's odorless, tasteless, and colorless. It stays with the Yeerk, slowly desentigrating it, and in the meantime, all Yeerks it comes in contact with in its natural state die, and all grubs it produces, if that should happen, die." "Is there any form of cure?" "No," I sighed. "Absolutely none. Because Yeerks don't know much about themselves in their own physical shape. Over time, that knowledge has

been lost to them. It would take them decades to produce one, and by then there would not be any more Yeerks." "And what do you call these devices?" "That's the beautiful thing. We call them Calabria injectors. Yeerkish. Yeerkish for doom." They smiled. They whispered. They liked it. \_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ First things first. When we got back to earth, we worked in separate groups across the Hork-Bajir Homeworld. We needed technology of the now-rare arns. Very rare. \_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ Tobias and Rachel were in a group together. So was Toby and Ax, Jakiit and Jenni, Easha and Elfangor, Marco and me. We combed the same valley, looking for the Deep, as the Hork-Bajir called it. Easha and Elfangor found it first. Now, let me say this about Easha—she has a male Andalite's tail blade. She never explained the full story to us, but apparently, when she was a youth her back legs became paralyzed. She could either be killed, never walk again, or they had an antidote, still in the experimental stages. She went with the antidote. In less than a year she was up on her feet, but the antidote had one permanent side effect—her tail blade was only two inches shorter than a male's. Apparently, the Electorite thought she was a male (ha HA!) and let her in the military, where everyone learned the truth, which, from Marco's standpoint, is very funny. Easha is a very quick, very smart person. She can look over a situation and tell if it's worth fighting. She also has this little...thing...going on with Elfangor, if you get my drift. But they make a good team. \_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ So we explored deep after deep, but no luck. "There's got to be a way!" I yelled, furious. We'd been there for three weeks, thirty valleys, and more than enough Yeerks. Fortunately, the Yeerks here didn't know us that well. We just walked on by. Finally, on the fifth week, we found it! A bustling Arn development, untouched by Yeerks. Arns scurried around us. A bright orange one stepped up to us. "Who are you and what are you doing here?" We all just stared, surprised. Easha didn't stare. \_ He snorted. "I am Jackahowelatacara. How do you need our help?" Suddenly my brain clicked. "To fight the Yeerks," I answered. "To recreate the balance you once had." We had learned a lot about dealing with snooty, self-centered, weasly species. 1—Always make it seem like it's about them. 2—Always make them feel important. 3—No matter what, don't use force till the last minute. \_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ We talked the Arn into what we wanted. A virus that destroyed Yeerks. We had our backup. We stole an ample supply of quantum bombs, but we knew this would be a long, drawn out process. We didn't know how right we were. \_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ It took us five years of holding up Yeerk pools, getting the hosts Yeerk free, and blowing up Yeerks just to take care of North America. So I thanked the galaxy for making me remember the little things, and we set off millions of small amounts of viruses that went from ship to ship to planet to planet. The Council of Thirteen, no matter how much we hated them, weren't idiots and were in hiding. \_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ We had numbers now to attack in the open. Hork-Bajir, Merliz, humans, Andalites, even good old Alloran backed us up. But I still wanted more. I wanted the Council of Thirteen like a starving man wants table scraps. Because Jake and Cassie were there. Host bodies for the Council members. Two, anyway. But still, we had millions of warriors, all morph capable. We split them into groups, had

each focus on a certain area,planet,or fleet. It was terrible fun,though.Spitting in Visser Three's face,tormenting simple Yeerks,aiming shredders at whole yeerk pools,destroying Yeerks by the dozens,hundreds,thousands,millions!Blowing up entire Yeerk pools and watching Vissers run in terror.We almost didn't have to attack,the Yeerk Empire was in shambles.Ha ha ha.And every day I got closer to seeing my old enemy,CMT.But the privliledge of killing him belonged to Easha.Just like Marco would save his mom.And Rachel Cassie.And Tobias Jake,maybe.All we had planned was that Easha got CMT and we didn't kill the hosts. "Ok,"I said,two months later,"Ax,morph Jake.This is supposed to be where we're going."Ax complied.I scanned the walls for a crooked lever.When I found it,Then I turned it around 180 degrees,pulled it down,and twisted the dial on the end.A compartment under it opened,containing one single key. "Alright,Ax,"I said,"Pick that key up." "Yes Amber,"Ax said,doing as I said.I took him by his wrist so he didn't mess up,and put the key in the slot. "Identification check.Please place your hand on the square,"The computer ordered. "Do it,"I said.Ax placed his hand directly on the square. "Identification check completed,"the computer responded. "Now take the key and turn it to the right a quarter turn,and demorph," I whispered. Ax complied to both. "Computer,"I said,trying to keep my voice from quivering,"Open door." Easha raised her tail blade and got her holstered shredder in her hand,as did Elfangor and Ax.She was just faster at it.Jakiit and Jenni both bared their teeth,and extended their claws.Tobias flew as high as he could and started morphing a jaguar.All the humans grabbed their assorted weapons. I had a small shredder,which I turned the dial on to 3,only to knock out the hosts.I handed everyone their injectors.The door opened.The Council just stared for a moment,utterly speechless.I wasn't. "Ready...set...NOW!!"I screamed.Everyone of our group was rushing in. There were twelve of us and thirteen of them,and we were winning.It took about an hour before they were all unconcious.We were the bleeding party, but only minor cuts and burns.I didn't ask Tobias to demorph because I knew he didn't want to. "Alright everyone,"I sighed,tired,"He who dies after getting rid of the most Council members,wins."I resorted to an old saying on my mom's coffee mug,altering it a little,and we all worked as fast as we could to destroy all the Yeerks.Then,once all the Yeerks had been destroyed,we revived the hosts.We went back to earth with them.We got the message about halfway to earth-all the Yeerks had been destroyed.When we got that message,I saw Easha slump.I think...I think that she was wondering what to do next.The one thing she'd always had a reason to hate was gone.I think...I really, truely believe...that one moment was the worst experience in her whole life.And so the galaxy went back to almost-normal.Each sentient species grew back everything it lost,and the tension between Andalites and everyone else grew.Elfangor and Easha got married,none of us where suprised at that,or that they decided to stay in the military for a while. Rachel and Tobias got married,after Tobias became a permanent human,with one complication-somehow,he could still morph.Jenni &Jakiit?We never heard from them again.Ax was relieved his dishonor and made a prince.Marco went to the movie star life he had thought of early on in his life as an Animorph.Toby went back to her homeworld.Eugene and Haywood stuck together,trying to be normal people.And me?I was the first non-Andalite in the Andalite military.No one minded though. The galaxy was at peace,for a while... \_\_\_\_\_

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